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| **Before She Died**  *Karen Chase*  **When I look at the sky now, I look at it for you. As if with enough attention, I could take it in for you.**  **With all the leaves gone almost from the trees, I did not walk briskly through the field.**  **Late today with my dog Wool, I lay down in the upper field, he panting and aged, me looking at the blue. Leaning**  **on him, I wondered how finite these lustered days seem to you, A stand of hemlock across the lake catches**  **my eye. It will take a long time to know how it is for you. Like a dog's lifetime -- long -- multiplied by sevens.**    from *Kazimierz Square*, 2000 CavanKerry Press, Fort Lee, N.J.  Copyright 2000 by Karen Chase. All rights reserved. Reproduced with permission ([*click for permissions information*](https://www.loc.gov/poetry/180/p180-permissions.html#026)). |
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